

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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TWO BOOTLECKS AND BUSINESS.

A magazine writer tells the story of two bootlecks who were soliciting trade on a crowded thoroughfare one Saturday afternoon.

The two boys had no regular stand. Each had his box slung over a shoulder and they stood near the curbstone crying their business to the passer-by.

But there was a difference in the boys. Each had his cry, composed of four words, and never varied it.

The first boy cried out, "Shine your shoes here."

The second boy solicited his custom by shouting, "Get your Sunday shine!"

Note the difference?

The cry of the first boy announced the simple fact that he was in the shoe shining business for any one who should desire his services.

The second boy's cry was more significant. It was Saturday afternoon. The hour was 4 o'clock. The cry carried with it the fact that tomorrow was Sunday and it probably would be a pleasant day; that he (the bootlecker) knew an extra shine was needed; that he who went to church or walked in the parks on the morrow owed it to his self respect to present a good appearance; and, lastly, that he was there to do the business.

Do you see why the second boy got the larger share of the business?

He had imagination. He linked facts together. He conveyed suggestions. His cry told all the other boy said—and more.

There is in the incident an object lesson in the problem of modern business.

Imagination in business is money. The successful merchant uses it. He projects his imagination in such a way as to reach the mind of his customers and by suggestion causes them to buy his wares.

The inventor can do nothing without imagination, nor the promoter, nor the engineer, nor the architect or builder. The professional man must have imagination. Even the farmer or breeder needs it.

Occasionally you hear of a parent who does not want his child to read fairy stories or believe in Santa Claus. He is a practical man himself and he wants his children taught practical things, etc.

He fails to see the large place occupied by the imagination.

The man who is without imagination misses much of the pleasure in life. He dreams no dreams. To him beauty is not for him. Besides—

He misses a big asset in business.

KILLING A MOTHER.

The state of New York killed Mary Farmer, wife and mother, last month.

It was a sickening story. They lashed the woman in a chair, having shaved her head, and the executioner described an awful scene, sending the deadly current into her convulsed frame.

And then—

After examination they found that Mrs. Farmer still had a spark of the life that God had given her, and—again the electricity.

Warden Bonham telegraphed the governor following the execution:

"There were no distressing incidents."

In the estimation of the calloused warden the killing had been done with neatness and dispatch.

No distressing incidents?

Was it no distressing incident that a wife was being killed by the state while her husband prayed in his cell; that a baby boy should be made an orphan; that every woman in the land should be shocked at the dishonor done her sex; that society should be brutalized by the spectacle; that the dial of civilization should be moved backward?

No distressing incidents?

Why, the whole life of Mary Farmer was a distressing incident.

She was a "decent" ignorant woman who never had a chance.

Both heredity and environment combined to make her what she was. Her surroundings had caloused her heart and stunted her mind.

Society made her what she was and then killed her for being what she was and doing what she did!

Is that too strong?

But can you expect anything but degradation and disease and crime from the Mary Farmers who society feeds with the measly crumbs thrown from its magnificent tables?

Mary Farmer went to her own place—the place the world made for her. Under provocation she did just what might have been expected of her.

To say this is not to condone her crime, but—the pity of it!

When the people of 2000 times as many as the Mary Farmers are officially killed ignorant and erring women—

Without "distressing incidents."

ABOUT MARY MCCANN.

Remember how brave Kate Shelly crawled across a bridge in Iowa several years ago and saved the Western Limited?

Her heroism has been celebrated in song and story.

A fit companion piece to that heroic deed, heroically done, is the story of the rescue of nine children by Mary McCann, recently awarded a medal by congress.

It was five years ago, and Mary was then but fourteen years of age.

She sat in her invalid's chair that day on the veranda of a cottage on North Brother Island, convalescing from an attack of scarlet fever.

Listlessly the girl watched an excursion steamer loaded to the guards with Sunday school children, colors flying and band playing, as it cut the blue waters.

And then came an awful explosion. Fire and flame seemed to burst from every part of the big boat. And then clouds of smoke enshrouded the scene. The fearful cries of women and children arose. The boat was turned and beached on the sands far out from the shore.

A crowd gathered, and a few boats put off to the rescue. People on shore wrung their hands as they saw women and children drown before their eyes.

leaped, swam through the surf. She caught a child that had jumped from the burning vessel into the water, dragged the little one ashore and turned it over to willing hands.

Then she turned back on another mission of rescue.

Nine times did the brave girl go, and each time she brought back a half-drowned child.

This did Mary McCann, heroine, that June day, 1904.

And after five years congress, which is as slow as rewarding hero medals as it is in revising the tariff, presented, through its presiding officer, a medal to Mary McCann.

She has grown since that day of the explosion of the General Slocum into a woman and is a student nurse at a Washington hospital.

Isn't it fine?

And do you wonder that old Joe Cannon when he gave her the medal, stooped and kissed the lips of Mary McCann?

YOUR BOY.

"A boy should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung until he is two or three years of age."

Thus Mark Twain.

And of course Mark exaggerates his statement for the sake of humor.

A boy is a boy, always will be a boy until he is a man, cannot help being a boy all the time and everywhere. You cannot put an old head on young shoulders.

An incident:

He comes home from school, drives in the front door like a catapult, raises an Indian warwhoop, throws his books on a chair and his cap into a corner and dives into the depths of a friendly couch.

Why! And the protests—"Don't!" "Don't yell so!" "Don't crush the cushions!" "Don't come in with such dirty shoes!" "Don't be so careless with your cap!"

Where the boy, who has come into the house heartful of boisterous gladness, grows sullen and savage. He goes out, slamming the door behind him, with a grievance against his home folk.

The effect of that is dangerous on the boy, who cannot be barred out and fed through a bungalow.

The boy is naturally rough and boisterous. He is built that way. If he is ever to be much of a man he must be loud and full of vitality—with a vent.

And the boy prides himself on his roughness. It is his natural method of expression. What are to us faults are in his eyes virtues—such, for instance, as teasing his sister to show his love for her.

Now, what must be the effect of constant scolding and nagging on a boy thus constituted?

Under his jacket are keen sensibilities. Reproof for mere blowing off steam offends him. Constant hostility by his household frets and hurts him to the core. And in order to "get even" he is likely to go wrong.

It is sometimes difficult, but be gentle with the boy. You can lead him, but you cannot drive him—successfully. Drive him and you get sullen obedience and inward rebellion.

Appeal to the boy's manliness. He has a lot of it in him. Trust him and he will gratefully respond.

Utilize his surplus energy by giving him a task or an errand. And be sure to thank him when he does well. That warms his heart.

Give the boy a chance. Do not make his time too good for him. If he leaves tracks on the floor or muddies the rugs or cushions, what of it? Is not your boy's welfare more than rugs and cushions?

You can't put your boy in a barrel; therefore give him a chance.

CHURCH OR CURSE?

The trustees of a large church in Chicago have asked the pastor to resign because he is too old.

The pastor is sixty years of age. Having given twenty-five of the best years of his life—the very heart of his manhood—to the people of his congregation, he is to be turned out like an old horse.

Furthermore—

The trustees say, "What we need is a hustling business man who can raise money and a man who can preach sermons that will attract a man not afraid of notoriety."

It is easy to see what sort of conception of the church is held by these trustees. They want a church where material prosperity abounds, a church of influence and prestige and power.

Their idea of a successful church is that of an expensive plant, artistic music that will attract critical people, sensational preaching that will excite the comments of the press and draw the crowds.

And—

In all this program there is not an iota of Christianity.

There is a church of Christ is anything more than an ethical society or a lodge or a club. It is a divine institution organized for a particular purpose. And that particular purpose is the saving of the souls of men.

The church is set for the cultivation of the spiritual life. All else is incidental.

An expensive building is all right, provided it shall minister to spiritual uses.

Excellent music is good—if it does not degenerate into mere entertainment.

And strong preaching is necessary, provided it is gospel preaching.

But—

When the church puts a bigger premium on ambitious buildings of stone, or high priced music that is more intellectual than heartfelt, or oratory in the pulpit, or social gifts and graces, than it does on the depths and sweetness of spirituality, why—

THE CHURCH BUSINESS AND GO INTO THE SHOW BUSINESS.

Men and women can get music at the concerts, oratory from the lecture platform, society where they choose. They go to church for another purpose.

Poor old pastor!

He could still be of use in a church. But he cannot run a circus.

LOVE IS SLANDERED.

Earth and heaven are comprehended in the word. Without it earth would be but desert and there would be no heaven.

Love has been slandered. Proverbs have been made about it, and that have been seldom questioned. Among these fallacies is this one: "First love is the only true love."

Experience proves the fallacy of this proverb. First love may be true love, and it may be only puppy love, but it is not necessarily the only true love. Love flows from an inexhaustible fountain. If it is real affection it will give itself many times and be as true and as fresh as at first. Other things being equal, first love is apt to be in-

mature and lacking in real depth and power—mere sentiment—while the next love or the next may be fervent and abiding.

Another of these false proverbs is: "Love is blind."

Love is not blind. It is wide awake, and alert to see. Above all things, true love is insight. It sees the real. It does not judge by exteriorities. Where others see only deformity or weakness the keen insight of love will detect both strength and beauty. Many of us would go through the world unloved and our capacities would be unknown did not the keen eyes of love detect and reveal our virtues.

Another false saying:

"True love never did run smooth."

As a matter of fact, it usually does run smooth. Why not? It is not dangerous, like false love. Love calls for adjustment. It concerns two persons. It must overcome difficulties inherent in finite people. It is mostly in romances that true love gets into deep difficulties. True love may or may not run smooth; false love seldom or never does.

And still another popular fallacy is contained in the saying:

"True love can never die."

It can die. It does die—daily. It can be killed. It does not need to be murdered outright; it can be killed by neglect. If love is not fostered and fed it will die of starvation. Love, like everything else, lives and grows and thrives by what it feeds on. False love cannot live; it must die sooner or later. True love may die.

Love has been greatly slandered.

OUR FAT PRESIDENT.

When "Big Bill" Taft was to be on March 4 the fat man got his lunings. Since the days of Palstat the pudgy figure of the man of adipose has stood for sleek good nature, slow temperament, unctuous speech and slow locomotion.

Where the 300 pounder of a president is not slow.

It is undeniable that he waddles in his walk like a duck, though the Taft waddle is not as well known as the Taft smile—because Big Bill usually rides in a carriage.

But he is not slothful.

He is stout, but being obese, he is portly without being puffy, and he is anything but lazy. He is neither slow on his feet nor sluggish in his mind.

Taft can do a day's work along with any lean and hungry Cassius.

He has a sturdy smile, but—his smile is a smile of resignation. He will brook his brood and enshroud his soul in gloom is no sign the man is lacking in will power or able decision.

Somebody is going to be fooled by that smile.

For behind the glossy and jellied surface of the exterior, over which no wave of trouble seems to roll; behind the easy laugh and the hearty manner, behind the sleek badges of good fellowship, is a sense of justice as keen as an edged tool, an incisive judgment, an obstinacy that is like a stone wall.

Taft has what Theodore Roosevelt lacked—diplomacy.

All fat men are diplomats. Taft knows how to handle men so as to get things done, which is a rare trait.

He has proved that faculty, whether it be in an interview with a politician or a South American minister of state, whether he has matched his wits with a smooth contractor or the emperor of Japan. He knows how to get results.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great will the obnoxious way be mightier than the "big stick."

That remains to be seen. But, however that may be, with the coming of Taft the world is made into his own.

And the cartoonist revels in the wrinkles of the presidential chin.

A TEN MILE HOLE.

The ratline ditty persists in the statement that "there's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

There may be or not, but—

Some day there may be a hole into the very heart of the earth.

English, you know, is asking the question, "What shall we do for coal when nature's supply is exhausted?" That is a vital problem in that country of deep mines. Sir William Ramsay says the way to get a limitless supply of light, heat and power is to tap the molten or semimolten interior of the earth.

Big thing!

And the discussion of it has brought out the fact that governments have made some costly experiments in boring deep holes.

For instance—

The German government has pierced the earth's crust in Silesia to the depth of about 10,000 feet, nearly two miles.

At La Chapelle France has made a bore of about the same depth for experimental purposes, and the Russian government has gone to about the same depth at Stavropol.

It costs money to probe into the earth's vitals.

"Turbine" Parsons, the eminent engineer, says that to drill a hole ten miles deep into the crust of the earth would require an expenditure of \$25,000,000.

That sum of money is small in comparison with the millions the United States will pay for the Panama canal.

American ingenuity and capital could easily bore the ten mile hole.

Of course it is hot down that deep, and there would be danger in poking the probe into the hidden fires of old earth. The probe might make a vent that would develop an unwelcome volcano.

However that might be, the discussion of the big project raises some interesting reflections.

The earth is big. Man is bigger. This is to say, man has attributes of supremacy that the brute never can have.

Mind is ever lord of matter and matter is blind. When man was given the earth to subdue it no limitations were imposed upon him. The whole realm of nature is his.

Man will never be satisfied until he has explored both earth and sky.

He will not rest until he has dug down to the furnace fires that are under his feet and is able to navigate the upper air like a bird.

And when he has done that he will go on investigating the rest of the universe.

PLANT SOME CORN FOR HARDY.

I find in some sections farmers hardly know what fodder corn is, none what ever being grown. To those I would say, try it in a small way this summer.

Plant it at the end of July, then it will not have time to grow so large, but with favorable weather it will make a great many ears, though, of course it must be cut before the grains are fully grown; at this time the foodnutrients are distributed all through the plant and ear.—Planter.

Thinking of Something Else

By MAUD HALLOWELL.

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"Whatever you do, Sue," said Dr. John Murray's wife, half laughing, half angry, "don't you ever marry an absentminded man."

"I'm thinking of something else," he said, "but I don't want to tell you."

"What's that?" she asked, "is it that big husband of mine, or is it something else?"

"I'm thinking of something else," he said, "but I don't want to tell you."

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"No," said Mrs. John. "Didn't I tell you where he was going this morning? He went to drive Dick Kendall down to the harbor to see him off on the Viking."

Susan Harland's half opened lips and startled eyes showed her surprise.

"Didn't you know?" said Mrs. Murray, embarrassed. "Dick is going on a cruise around the world with his friend Randall, who bought that big yacht Viking this spring."

Susan sprang up, casting aside all pretense, like the honest, warm hearted girl she was. "Kate," she cried, "I can't let him go! I cannot! I cannot!"

"Why